who were pleased to see them and converse about the Gospel.

Finland is not affected with the war anymore than some of their finest men (the guards) are in active service, and were engaged at the siege of Plevna, where their numbers were considerably reduced by dead and wounded, causing a good deal of sorrow among their dear ones at home, and a miserable Christmas for all who had any of theirs down in Turkey. The poor fellows have had a very hard time of it there all this winter, whether they have been fighting or not, and they all seem to get broken down, even the strongest ones.

I hope you and brother Nibley will see that England does not get mixed up this time, but let these two fellows settle it the best way they can, both seem anxious for it, that is for a settlement, but the Turks don't wish for anything better than England to join, and then they are ready to continue the fight any day. I have been expecting two or three of the brethren going home this month, but now I do not think any one will be going before next Spring.

We spent a very pleasant Christmas here in Copenhagen. The choir which consists of about thirty of our young brethren and sisters, gave a concert shortly before the holidays, and the result was that the Sunday-school children, numbering about 70, had a splendid Christmas tree for their special benefit on second Christmas day, after their examination, in the hall. Brother S. P. Neve and the school superintendent, brother V. Rohde, had been very dilligent in getting suitable presents for each scholar and the teachers; they spared no pains in decorating the tree, so that when it was ready it was quite a beauty, and you may depend upon it, the little folks danced round it with delight, and would have kept on all night had they not expected that there was something on it for them and been anxious to find out what that might be. After awhile the presents were distributed, and then the delight increased again, and lasted till the usual bedtime, when all separated, feeling happy and well satisfied with their afternoon. The day after, the choir gave a very creditable entertainment indeed. I have not seen anything better of the kind this side the Atlantic, except perhaps those good concerts the choir used to get up in Liverpool ten years ago, under the direction of our friend Mr. Davies. The choir had an evening to themselves, with their friends, at the hall, and enjoyed themselves very well for about three hours, and all the Saints came together for a social re-union on New Year's day in the evening, but the hall was so crowded that they had to leave earlier than expected on account of the great heat, still they enjoyed each other's company very much. The weather has been remarkably mild; we have scarcely had any frost, as yet, and but little snow. From what I learn by the papers, you must have had a snowy Christmas, and I suppose it looked none the worse for it. We have rain and mist nearly every day, and the sun has not peeped out at all since long before Christmas. A great many people are troubled with cold, and I have had my share of it the last four days, so that I have scarcely been able to do anything. It settled on the left side of the head, and it seemed to be of the worse kind, making me think that I had got toothache higher up than it generally locates itself. I could not sleep for three nights, and all I could eat was a little gruel. This was almost as cheap a living as George Francis Train's, and, like his, would not be wanted any longer than necessary. I am glad I got over it as well as I did, and hope I shall never have another dose like it.

If you have a chance to get as far as Copenhagen, you had best go to Stockholm as well, so you must make your calculations accordingly.

Please remember me kindly to brother Nibley, and friends in Liverpool.

Wishing you all a happy new year, I remain, yours faithfully,

A. W. CARLSON.

A good man feels that goodness is the great fact in the universe rather than evil.

A popular clergyman recently gave a lecture on "Fools." The tickets of admission were inscribed, "Lecture on Fools. Admit one." There was a crowded audience.

POETRY.

BEDTIME.

When the lamps were lit in the evening, and the shutters were fastened tight,
And the room where the household gathered was rosy and warm and bright,
When the bustle of work was over, and the children were tired of play,
It seemed to us that our bedtime was the pleasantest part of the day.

For grandmother had her knitting, click, click, would the needles go;
The baby was snug in the cradle, and mother had time to sew:
And we, in our little night gowns, would clamber on father's knee,
And sheltered within his loving arms were as happy as we could be.

He could not sing, but he whistled a tune that was sure to keep
The little ones very quiet, and put the baby to sleep;
And whenever I want a lullaby, the sweetest I e'er shall know
Is the one that my father always used in the beautiful long ago.

Sometimes there were apples roasted, and then there were nuts to crack;
And jokes to be told, and stories that had a delicious smack;
And the longer we lingered, the harder we found it to get away,
For to us the children's bedtime seemed the sweetest hour of the day.

But at last the word was spoken, "Come! come!" the mother said,
In her quietest tones—"it is really time that little folks went to bed;"
And we, who were wide-awake as owls, and ready for any lark,
With mournful step moved slowly out, and into the joyless dark.

And after we were folded in slumber's serene embrace,
And with the angels of dreamland, were floating through fairy space,
Dear father would come to our bedside, and tuck us in, oh, so tight!
We'd sleep as warm as birds in a nest all through the livelong night.

And when my bedtime cometh, and the last "Good nights" are said,
And with the rest of the children I go to my narrow bed;
My sleep will be all the sweeter for the touch of a loving hand,
And a Father's smile will greet me as I enter the morning-land.

—*Christian Weekly.* JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

DIED.

MILES.—At his residence, Balham, Surrey, on the 10th instant, after a few hours illness, in his 53rd year, John Henry William Miles, father of Elder John H. Miles, now laboring in the London Conference.—Utah papers please copy.

STOKES.—At Escalante, Iron County, Utah, December 12, 1877, of injuries caused by falling from a horse, George Emanuel Hare, son of Henry and Elizabeth Stokes, aged 11 years.—"News."

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LONDON:

FOR SALE AT THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' BOOK DEPOT, 30, BISHOP'S GROVE, HALL'S POND ROAD, ISLINGTON, AND BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

"NO WEAPON THAT IS FORMED AGAINST THEE SHALL PROSPER; AND EVERY TONGUE THAT SHALL RISE AGAINST THEE IN JUDGMENT THOU SHALT CONDEMN. THIS IS THE HERITAGE OF THE SERVANTS OF THE LORD, AND THEIR RIGHTEOUSNESS IS OF ME, SAITH THE LORD."—*Isaiah* liv, 17.

No. 4, Vol. XL. Monday, January, 28, 1878. Price One Penny.

CHAPTERS FROM THE LIFE OF PREST. BRIGHAM YOUNG.

THE MARCH OF TROOPS INTO SALT LAKE CITY. RETURN OF THE PEOPLE TO THEIR HOMES. TREACHERY OF THE JUDGES. THE MILITARY POWER FRUSTRATED IN THE ATTEMPT TO ARREST BRIGHAM YOUNG.

(By Edward W. Tullidge.)

Substantially the word of Brigham Young was fulfilled, in that he had said an invading army should not enter the city.

General Johnston and his army came not as conquerors into Zion. The entire chain of circumstances, from the start of their expedition, had been most humiliating to the brave men who deserved better service. Their march had been but a series of disasters and failures.

They were merely permitted to pass through the streets of Salt Lake City on their way to a location in the Territory well removed from the Mormon people. Zion was a forsaken city that day. The Saints were still south with their great leader. If faith was not kept with them, they did not intend to return, and war would have been re-opened in deadly earnest.

It was a sad spectacle to see a community of earnest religionists who could not trust in the parent power, even after the proclamation of the President. But the history of the Mormons to this hour shows a constant justification of this lack of confidence.

On the 13th of June, the army commenced its movement towards the city; and, on the morning of the 26th, it might have been seen advancing from the mouth of Emigration Cañon to make what once was expected to have been a triumphal entrance into conquered Zion, with all "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war." Here is the picture of it as it was, from the pen of an army correspondent:

"It was one of the most extraordinary scenes that have occurred in American history. All day long, from dawn until after sunset, the troops and trains poured through the city, the utter silence of the streets being broken only by the music of the military bands, the monotonous tramp of the regiments, and the rattle of the baggage wagons. Early in the morning the Mormon guards had forced all their fellow religionists into the houses,

and ordered them not to make their appearance during the day. The numerous flags that had been flying from staffs on the public buildings during the previous week were all struck. The only visible groups of spectators were on the corners near Brigham Young's residence, and consisted almost entirely of Gentile civilians. The stillness was so profound that during the intervals between the passage of the columns, the monotonous gurgle of the city creek struck on every ear. The Commissioners rode with the General's staff. The troops crossed the Jordan, and encamped two miles from the city, on a dusty meadow by the river bank."

But the army correspondent did not properly construe the death-like stillness and desertion of the city, when he says the Mormon guard had "forced all their fellow religionists into their houses." They were not in their houses, but in the second exodus. It is estimated that there were no less than 30,000 of the Mormon people from the city and northern settlements in "the move south." They took with them their flocks and herds, their chattels and furniture. When that army marched through the streets of Zion, grass was growing on the sidewalks, and there were only a few of "the boys" left on the watch in the city, to see that the people were not betrayed. Some of the officers were deeply moved by the scene and the circumstances. Lieutenant-Colonel Phillip St. George Cook, who had commanded the Mormon battalion in the Mexican war, rode through the city with uncovered head, leading the troops, but forgetting not his respect for the brave Mormon soldiers who had so nobly served with him in their country's cause.

Cedar Valley, forty miles west of the city, was chosen as their permanent camping place, which was named Camp Floyd, in honor of the then Secretary of War.

Return we now to the Saints in their flight. It had taxed their faith and their means to an absolute consecration of their all, and called forth as much religious heroism as did their first exodus from Nauvoo. Gallant old Governor Cumming was almost distracted over this Mormon episode. He was not used to the self-sacrifices and devotion of the peculiar people whom he had taken under his official guardianship. They were more familiar than he with this part of their eventful drama. Familiarity had bred in them a kind of contempt for their own sufferings and privations. So they witnessed their new Governor's concern for them with a stoical humor. They were, indeed, grateful, but amused. They could not feel to deserve his pity, yet were they thankful for his sympathy. They sang psalms by the wayside. He felt like strewing their path with tears. He followed them fifty miles south, praying them, as would a father his wayward children, to turn back. But the father whom they knew best was leading them on.

"There is no longer danger. Gen. Johnston and the army will keep faith with the Mormons. Every one concerned in this happy settlement will hold sacred the amnesty and pardon of the President of the United States! By G—d, sirs, yes."

Such was the style of Governor Cumming's pleadings with the "misguided" Mormons. But Brigham and his chiefs replied with a quiet fixedness of purpose:

"We know all about it, Governor. We remember the martyrdoms of the past!"

"'Twas madness for the people to thus forsake their homes." So thought their good Governor. "None would be so base as to desecrate the family hearth, or to outrage the purity of the wives and daughters of Mormondom."

But the answer came in the words and actions of Brigham Young:

"We are leaving our homes that they may be preserved—that our sacrifice, like that of Abraham, may be accepted, not consumed. We have, on just such occasions, seen our disarmed men hewn down in cold blood, our virgin daughters violated, our wives ravished to death before our eyes. We know all about it, Governor Cumming."

It was a terrible logic that thus met the brave mediation of the fine old Georgian successor of Governor Young, who coupled patriotism with humanity,

and believed in the primitive faith that American citizens and American homes must be held sacred.

Brigham Young alone could turn the tidal wave, and lead back the Mormon people to their homes. Had he continued onward to Sonora, Central America, anywhere—to the ends of the earth—his people would have followed him.

The Mormon leaders, with the body of the Church, were at Provo on the evening of the 4th of July, General Johnston and his army being about to take up their quarters at Camp Floyd. It was on that evening that Governor Cumming informed his predecessor that he should publish a proclamation to the Mormons for their return to their homes."

"Do as *you* please, Governor Cumming," replied Brigham, with a quiet smile. "To-morrow I shall get upon the tongue of my wagon, and tell the people that *I* am going home, and they can do as *they* please."

On the morning of the 5th, Brigham announced to the people that he was going to start for Salt Lake City; they were at liberty to follow him to their various settlements, as they pleased. In a few hours nearly all were on their homeward march.

But scarcely had the people returned to their homes, ere they had abundant proof how much they could have trusted a united Federal power, in an anti-Mormon crusade, with an army at its service to subvert the civil and religious liberties of the people.

The machinery of the Federal power was soon set in motion. Chief Justice Eckles took up his quarters at Camp Floyd; Associate Justice Sinclair was assigned to the district embracing Salt Lake City; and Associate Justice Cradlebaugh was assigned to the judicial supervision of all the southern settlements; and Superintendent of Indian Affairs, Jacob Forney, and Alexander Wilson, Territorial District Attorney, entered upon the discharge of their duties.

The Governor from the beginning assumed a pacific attitude, in which he was seconded by Superintendent Forney and District Attorney Wilson. But the three Judges, in concert with the Marshal, united in the prosecution of past offences that had naturally arisen out of the condition of hostility, just brought to a happy and peaceful issue. It is needless to add that although these prosecutions were conducted with great vigor, they were justly fruitless of results.

In the course of one of these prosecutions, Judge Cradlebaugh made a requisition upon General Johnston for troops to act as protection to certain witnesses, and also, in the absence of a jail, to serve as a guard over the prisoners. The Mayor of Provo protested that the presence of the military was an infringement upon the liberties of his fellow-citizens; but the Judge answered that he had well considered the request before he had made it. A petition was sent to Governor Cumming, and he asked General Johnston to withdraw the troops, asserting that the Court had no authority to call for the aid of the military, except through him. The Judges interpreted General Johnston's instructions from the War Department adversely to the statement of the Governor, and the troops were continued at Provo. On the 27th of March (1859), the Governor issued a proclamation protesting against the continuance of the troops at Provo, taking open ground against the action of the military commander.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GATHERING AND PROVIDING FOR THE POOR.

When Jesus of Nazareth was questioned concerning his Messiahship, by certain persons claiming to have been sent by John the Baptist, among the signs he gave of the authenticity of his ministry was this—"the poor have the Gospel preached to them." On another occasion he said "the poor ye have always with you." In the restoration of the same Gospel as the

Savior preached of old, his sayings in relation to the poor might with propriety be repeated. The poor hear and receive the Gospel in far greater numbers than the rich. As was said of the ancient Apostles so it may be said of the latter-day Elders —"the common people heard them gladly."

The work of the gathering is identified with the preaching of the Gospel in this dispensation, which is entitled the "dispensation of the fulness of times," and in which "all things in Christ" are to be "gathered in one." The gathering of the poor, then, is as much a part of the duty required of the Elders as preaching the word and administering Gospel ordinances. Many of them have performed a splendid work in this respect. In all the towns and settlements of Utah are numbers of people, many of them in very comfortable circumstances, who when the Gospel found them in other lands were in a lowly, and some in an indigent condition.

But there are still thousands of the poor left in various parts of the world who strongly desire to gather with their brethren, and who have no hope of release except by assistance from Utah. The Perpetual Emigration Fund was especially designed for their benefit, and the good work already accomplished by that wise measure we have every confidence will be continued until its purpose is fully achieved.

The question which arises in connection with this subject is, what shall be done with the poor after they are gathered? The problem of poverty is one of the most important and vexatious subjects with which the statesman and the philanthropist are puzzled. It is expected that in the coming Zion, which we are required to build up, the saying concerning the first Zion will be repeated, "There is no poor among them." In a proper condition of society no person will be allowed to suffer want. Pauperism is a great evil. It should not exist in Zion. To banish it, opportunities for labor must be placed within the reach of all. It is wrong to encourage idleness by feeding it without return. Employment should therefore be found for every able person, old and young, male and female.

Here, it appears to us, and we say it with all respect, is an ample field for the energies, tact, judgment, enterprise and wisdom of the Bishops. It is within the scope of their duties to provide for the poor. It appears to us that this responsibility is placed upon them by the constitution of the Church and the order of the Priesthood. One of the best features of the co-operative system in Box Elder County, in our opinion, is its provision of labor for all. Something to do is in everybody's reach. Even the blind find profitable occupation.

When the poor from abroad are brought to this Territory, they are not unreasonable in expecting to find work to do in order to sustain themselves. And if disappointed in this, are they unreasonable in anticipating assistance until they can obtain labor? We think not. If the cry of the poor, the widow and the fatherless ascends to heaven, the responsibility rests somewhere, and it is heavy and onerous. Read Doctrine and Covenants, new edition, pages 158, 159, 168.

Relief to the poor should be rendered in all kindness, charity, sympathy and respect. Assistance given like throwing a bone to a dog, in a churlish manner or with a patronizing air of condescension, robs the gift of its garments of charity and humiliation where it should elevate and console. Those who are rich and proud to-day may be poor and crushed down to-morrow, and how they would shrink from help extended in the attitude some now assume to the indigent!

In view of the dullness of the times and the scarcity of labor, some are short-sighted enough to question the propriety of gathering the extremely poor, the lame, the aged and the blind. We would ask what is the object of the gathering? Is it for the aggrandizement of the early settlers? Is it merely for the temporal advantage of the people who are assisted here? Should not the indigent and unfortunate have an opportunity afforded them of obtaining the blessings of the ordinances of the Lord's House, as well as the healthy and prosperous?

Did not the old prophets talk of the lame, the halt and the blind traveling up to "the heights of Zion?" Did not the Savior speak of going out into the highways and by-ways, and "compelling" just such persons to come in? Have they no ancestors waiting behind the vail for their vicarious work in the Temples of the Most High? Caring for them may be a responsible work, but it is a portion of the programme, and no one should shrink from performing his part or he may lose his share of the reward when the work is consummated.

Objections may be made that unworthy persons are gathered, and that many are indigent through their own faults and follies. Exactly. The "net" was to gather of "every kind." And as to the latter objection hear the words of King Benjamin:

"Ye will administer of your substance unto him that standeth in need; and ye will not suffer that the beggar putteth up his petition to you in vain, and turn him out to perish. Perhaps thou shalt say, the man has brought upon himself his misery, therefore I will stay my hand, and will not give unto him of my food, nor impart unto him of my substance that he may not suffer, for his punishments are just. But I say unto you, O man, whosoever doeth this the same hath great cause to repent, and except he repenteth of that which he hath done, he perisheth forever, and hath no interest in the kingdom of God."—*Book of Mormon*, page 154.

There should be no need in a community like ours, for any suffering through poverty, nor for any person to beg in the streets or from door to door. The church policy makes provision for the support of the needy, and if its teachings are carried out mendicancy would be abolished. It should not be encouraged at all. There are officers appointed to care for the poor, and resort should be made to them, if they are in ignorance of the condition of the needy, and not to peripatetic solicitation.

Let the wise plan, for providing employment for the laborer. Let us make at home all we need for home consumption, at least. Let industrial enterprises be started that our boys and girls may not remain idle. Let the unemployed be set to work. And if this cannot be fully done at once, take care that the worthy poor do not suffer for the necessaries of life. Perform charities in brotherly kindness. Bind up the broken-hearted, speak gently to the indigent. Woe unto the lazy, who feed upon the industry of others! Woe unto the canting deceiver, who pretends poverty with store on hand! Woe unto the rich who grips tightly what God has given him and shuts his heart and his purse against the poor of the Lord's people! And woe unto him who would leave in Babylon a faithful Saint, to linger in bondage, cut off from the ordinances of life and from laboring for the dead, because he is poor, or crippled, or blind or aged. Let the Gospel still be preached to the poor, and let the gathering go on, until all nations and tongues have heard the glad tidings, and unto Zion shall come those of every tribe and race till the mountains shall ring with the praises of the delivered, and "the meek shall increase their joy in the Lord, and the poor among men shall rejoice in the Holy One of Israel!"—*Deseret News.*

KIRTLAND AND ITS FADING LANDMARKS.

BY ELDER O. K. WHITNEY.

A detour of northern Ohio and the western reserve, a journey unmarked by any incident of serious import, was just completed here, and I find myself once more a resident of the little village of Kirtland. An anniversary naturally suggests bygone reflections; my case is not exempt, and retrospective reveries, like snowflakes in November, come and go in quick succession,

each sinking on the grave of its fellow, moistening it with tenderness and melting into the oblivion beneath; or like the stranded waves that chase each other to the beach, each washing up its tiny shell or offering of bright sand, and then receding from view beneath the foam of the after-wave that covers it for ever.

Kirtland! The place itself, to the careless, languid sight-seer, who travels not for the benefit to be derived, but because it is fashionable, and searches for spectacular effect and the hollow fascinations that engross the shallow mind, would present little or no attraction. The pastoral quietude of the yet beautiful village with its hills, dales, and streams of clear, flowing water; the crumbling details of ruined houses along the banks and hillsides; the quaint and primitive aspect of the surviving ones and their inmates; the rural character of the surrounding country with its forests, meadows and fields; or even the solemn grandeur of the weather beaten Temple on the hill, would awaken no interest in the soul of our *a-la-mode* tourist of to-day. But to those of finer, deeper sense, whose minds feed on the contemplation of human actions and events; who see in the varied minutiæ of every day life the prophetic germs of future history, the world-affecting results of unimportant causes, who appreciate as such the rise, growth and romantic history of a people whose name and character, though hatred and denounced, is as world widely known as condemned, and whose future destiny is a theme of speculation throughout the civilized world, this region is rife with much that is curious, interesting and inspiring.

Nearly forty years have rolled away since the last traces of exiled Mormondom faded beyond the western horizon, and change, that toiling journeyman of time, in the interim has been actively at work. But as though the master artizan were poorly paid for service, and had purposely ruined his handiwork or let it out to 'prentice hands whose skill out weighed their judgment, the main results as manifested to the eye are far from an improvement on the olden time condition. Where most of change is made, that change is for the worst; genius is dormant, energy seems paralyzed, and retrogression sits on all but nature. The skies are just as blue, the hills as green as ever, and the seasons come and go in unabated vigor; but the whir of industry and progress, the life of trade and manufactnre, and the hardy rush of interprise that would have pushed this village to a city in the van of commerce, beauty and intelligence, have gone with the days that will never return. Here and there the evidences of prosperity struggling for an existence may be observed in the humming grist mill, with its noisy water wheel, the poorly furnished country store where commerce looks starvation in the face, the workshop of the shoemaker or blacksmith, the rendezvous of idleness and village demagogues, or in the fresh white walls and gleaming spires of the sectarian churches that occasionally dot the face of the spreading landscape; but the effect is meagrely inspiring and the contrast rendered more vividly dreary when we see what once was here and now no more in the examples of decay and lethargy spread out in wide and picturesque profusion. Of these especially are many to rivet the attention of the "Mormon" traveler—the relics of the enterprise and workmanship of his former leaders.

What is that old ruined site just below the bend of the stream, whose faint remains in the last stages of annihilation barely give evidence of the walls that once were standing on them? The palsied finger of age points in the direction indicated and the voice quivering with infirmity crooks out: "That used to be the old pottery, built and owned by Heber C. Kimball, the "Mormon." Knew him well; nice man to deal with; but he went off with the "Mormons" to Nauvoo in 1839. Ah, me! I don't reckon them times'll ever come again." The feeble ruins of the walls are fast going the way of all mortality, even as the dust of the honored man who reared them now lies mingling with its mother earth.

There, too, on the corner, is the old brick building formerly known as "Johnson's Tavern," still standing like an aged sentinel guarding the bridge that spans the Chagrin a few

rods below, but no longer, as in earlier and better days, holding out an invitation to the tired traveler to enter and repose within the portals of its cheering hospitality. In "kitty-corner" relation to the tavern, its aged form protruding in many places from behind the faded white of last year's paint and its whole appearance one of lingering dissolution, stands the ancient mercantile establishment of Gilbert and Whitney; still serving the original purpose of its erection, under a firm now closing out forever.

The skeleton of a superannuated engine and its contrivances half buried in a heap of ashes—the shed that covered it having recently burned to the ground—marks the spot where stood the "ashery" and its successor the "Mormon" saw mill at the foot of Temple Hill.

But the crowning feature of the whole township, and the most prominent one within an area of many miles, is the far famed "Mormon" Temple. It stands upon an eminence facing the east and so situated that coming into Kirtland from any direction, despite the intervening hills that hide all else from view, it is the first object greeting the vision. It seems impossible to avoid it; it commands, enforces attenfion. From its lofty cupola or belfry the whole surrounding region, as far as the human vision is permitted to extend, stretches out in broad, expansive beauty to the bars of the several horizons; away from the rolling meadow hills of the south and west speckled with grazing herds and mossy boulders, to the wood-crowned summits of the north and east, whose silent gorges may in early days have echoed back the yells of the savage midnight mob, and the shrieks of the terror stricken victims to their "tar-and-feathers" outrage. But how changed is everything! Even those symbols of religious liberty are now rendered obsolete by the ink and quills of the "Mormon"-eating editor and his "commissioners." The political bias of the citizens of Kirtland is radically republican. They loathe the sight of a democrat as they profess to abhor that of his satanic majesty; though the popularity of epicurean doctrines among them would weaken the faith of an orthodox mind in the strength of such a voucher. All democrats are rebels and ought to be hung; conservatives are their aiders and abettors, and the safety of the republic demands their imprisonment or banishment, or both. Religious creeds are as numerous as flies in August, and these opposing Tom Paine and the devil are battling desperately for supremacy. Tommy and the devil are pretty strong, too.

The village is proud of its peace and quietude; no saloon, drunkenness, disorder, nor gambling is to be found; but a paradox exists which wounds its sensitiveness. All the temperance movers, liquor crusaders, and total abstinence lecturers that travel, leaving the larger cities to their Bacchanalian revels, flock to little Kirtland as though to rescue it from the slough of general depravity, like the caricatured policeman who quits the vicinity of a bloody murder in feverish haste to arrest a little bootblack whom he imagines is giving the wrong change to a customer three blocks away.

But little remains of Kirtland to the pen of the narrator. In a few years the later generations will have fully superseded the old and cleared away the traces of its handiwork; the graves of the pioneers will outnumber the dying relics of their exiled contemporaries; the tales of the fathers will be told by their children, and "Mormon" reminiscences, now so glib on many tongues, will be consigned to the dubious archives of tradition — *Salt Lake Herald.*

Envy shooteth at others and woundeth itself.

As prudence should dictate what food a child should eat, so prudence should regulate the mental food offered to the brain.

God has planted in every man the love of freedom, and every effort, in any nation or age, to crush it, has tended to belittle man, and retard his progress towards a perfect ideal designed of the Creator, and yet so great is this innate gift, that man has bounded into full liberty.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

MONDAY, JANUARY 28, 1877.

THE PERPETUAL EMIGRATION FUND.

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To do good to others is a maxim which all should cherish and develop into practice. To do good to ourselves is one of the first laws of life. The instinct of self-preservation claims this as its own, and he who habitually neglects, (if such there be,) merits the censure of all observers; even when in the exercise of philanthropy a man exhausts himself, when from the sight of distress or from any other experience or motive he injures his private interests, he is cooly reminded of the proverb, "Charity begins at home;" but selfishness uses this proverb quite as often as prudence, and when it is the cloke for personal gratification, it may be considered among the contemptible things of earth.

There is a species of charity in our day which delights itself in ostentation, its glory is to be emblazoned in the public prints, its purpose is to be seen of men, either in a limited circle or a more widely extended one, for in this country of class and caste, imitation, subservient servile apeing of "our betters" runs in threads through both warp and woof of national custom and life; it sends Bibles to the heathen and missionaries to the savage—its nurses are to be found on the battle-fields of both Russia and Turkey—the Crown lends its prestige to this pomp and vanity, and the aristocracy sends its maids and matrons to the sickening horrors of a military camp; yet at the same time in dens of squalid poverty and dismal haunts of crime, their own countrymen go down in hecatombs to the jaws of death; it would be to the advantage of England if there was a revision of her charities, if the current was turned more decidedly in favor of home, if the heathen were allowed to enjoy "a little wholesome neglect;" and if "the high contracting parties" to the present struggle were allowed to take care of their own victims, while we took care of ours, humanity on both sides might be the richer for the change.

How might this nation resound again with the hum of industry, how might its pestilential homes (?) be cleansed, how might its poor rejoice, how might its *gamins* be redeemed, how might its ignorant be taught, how might its national life bloom to a higher beauty, if the great tide of benevolence which now wastes itself upon a thousand strands, were wisely and unostentatiously used to lave its hidden fountains of destitution, misery, and crime! but this would not answer the purposes of display, it would not cater to the national vanity

and pride, it would not suit the Pharisees who "while sending on deck, Bibles to the heathen, send rum and gunpowder in the hold," That charity which "seeketh not its own," which is unwilling to have "its right hand know what its left hand doeth," which "does good by stealth, and blush to find it known," is not the fashionable virtue of society either in its philanthropic movements or in its churches and religion; were this so, the continued exhibit of expenses, now out of all proportion to the results, and small benefits which finally reach the sufferer, would certainly be transposed, expenses would come to the *minimum*, and blessings (if any) to the *maximum*; agents, ministers, officers, etc., might be the losers in prestige and pocket, yet without doubt they would be richer in influence and grace, and a re-establishing of old ideas of honor (now almost obsolete) in regard to the sacred character of a trust, would certainly be a moral revolution in this boasted age.

There is and has been in connection with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, an organized charity which in all its attributes betrays its origin,—it is called "The Perpetual Emigration Fund;" its avowed object was to aid in gathering the poor from their scattered condition (wherever existing) to the great central rallying points in the heart of the Rocky Mountains; it has filled its mission worthily; it has been literal salvation to its tens of thousands, and the happy homes which now dot the once forbidding desert, are testimony to its efficiency and power. This fund is used as a loan to those who are considered worthy, and would now be in active operation, if those who have received of it had not been delinquent in repayment; over two hundred thousand pounds are now due from those persons, which the authorities are seeking to collect; some of this, however, will probably remain, as many who have been gathered are dead, some have apostatized from the faith and left the mountains, others are poor, or have no faculty for thrift, so will probably always be in need of assistance, or barely sustain themselves. The fund is subject to depletion from these causes, yet it is ofen enlarged by donation, and in rare instances by bequest, and none of it is frittered on high toned officers by way of salary or emoluments. As a fund it has also been the recipient of deposits from those seeking to extricate themselves—thousands of pounds in small amounts have passed through its books, and it has never failed to honor its drafts when needed; the Saints in Europe have had confidence in it, and I. E. receipts are everywhere as good as gold; this has encouraged habits of economy, self help, and that "charity which begins at home;" it has ministered to the normal English spirit which glories in independence.

In assisting the poor, the fund was a practical commentary on Paul's saying, "If any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel." (1 Tim. v, 8.) The fund has not been indiscriminate in the loan of its resources, it has been used to aid our co religionists, our friends, those of our "own house," and this is in accordance with the highest charity, for according to Jesus, "Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother." (Matt. xi, 50.) These are of more importance to us than the heathen, of more importance than Turks and Russians dying on the battle-field, of more importance than establishing ministers, and building churches, which tend only to division; of more importance than circulating in unknown tongues that

Christian Fetish called the Bible; our brethren are found in poverty, the fund opens up the avenues of industry; they are found in bondage, the fund transplants them to liberty: they were slaves to circumstance, to capital, to taxation, the fund made them free men, and gave them opportunity of "sitting under their own vine and fig tree, with none to molest or make them afraid;" it has aided in the development of that independent manhood which lays at the foundation of the highest national life.

There has been no occasion to seek for avenues in which to divert our contributions, "*the poor have the Gospel preached to them,*" they have needed its salvation, they have waited for its message, even when many a time "hope deferred made the heart more sick," Jesus said, "the poor ye have always with you," and our age illustrates the undesirable and unwelcome truth, but the work and mission of true charity is to establish again that Zion of which it was said, "There was no poor in all her borders;" false charity lavishly and indiscriminately applied, fosters poverty and establishes indolence; true charity ministers to wealth by creating the opportunities of industry, and seeks to find full scope for the exercise of every faculty of man, and while we in common with the ancient Saints are subject to apostolic advice, "As we have therefore opportunity left us do good unto all men," we accept the qualification, "*especially unto them who are of the household of faith.*"

The present intense interest in the subject of gathering is highly suggestive, it is not in Zion alone but it is throughout this mission; it is the precursor of judgement, the prophecy of sorrow and trouble, and the spirit prompts to efforts, points out the way of deliverance,—says to the people, "husband your resources, practice economy;" says by the authorities of the Church unto those who have been assisted—"Pay your debts;" says to every one who may have relatives, friends or promise makers in Zion, "Seek unto them for assistance, for a fulfillment of promises, for a consideration of "the pit from whence they have been dug;" says to all who are in the enjoyment of competence and affluence, "increase this fund so that the poor may have deliverance;" and points all to that day of covenant, Oct. 6th, 1849, and sanctioned at every Conference from then till now, "That we will not cease our effort until our poor—our brethren and sisters in every land shall have the opportunity of enjoying those blessings which belong to the gathering in the valleys of the mountains."

This feeling must be fanned, hundreds have gone as far as they can, scores of honest, faithful Saints have laid down in Babylon, many are now quite aged who "have borne the burden and the heat of the day, while the name is "legion" of those, who by years of effort, have placed in the fund a little which is hardly likely to increase, and because of hard times very likely to decrease; there are many families where a son could be spared who by industry—if gathered—might be able to assist the remainder; many a family where grown-up daughters could be spared, who—if gathered—would under good surroundings be able to open up the way for others; many a family could be divided, and able through the more thorough supervision which general organization in Utah gives, to so place themselves as to assist speedily the rest away; *any way, or many ways,* so that deliverance comes; for the times demand action, and our obligations demand it, the promptings of the spirit

demands it, and the movement in Zion promises that some few will be able to avail themselves of one of the greatest privileges which belongs to the Gospel in our day and age.

Let the efforts continue and the contributions roll along, let sacrifice mark our interest in and obedience to the spirit, and the Lord will honor us in years past by, the machinery of "The Perpetual Emigration Fund!" H. W. N.

STATISTICS.—It is with regret that Statistics solicited in the STAR of Dec. 10th are not yet all received. It does appear as if the books might be so kept that an abstract could be had at almost any time. The statement asked for was *an annual one*, or for the year 1877, but some have sent for a quarter, and some for the half year, while upon the whole, the returns of emigration do not reach but little over half, even if the children were uncounted. It is impossible to have understandable records under such conditions, and it may be that many of those members called "scattered," about whom there is so much enquiry, have really emigrated years ago. To be sure present Presidents are not to be held responsible for the past, but with really active supervision there should never be the number of scattered Saints which are reported; when members move, if well trained and then well looked after, there would be but few delinquents, and Presidents of Branches should be valuable aids to the travelling ministry in keeping every thing straight and correct. It is really hoped that the report alluded to will appear in the next STAR, although now a full month behind time. There is also on the part of some of the Conferences a decrease in the number of STARS required; this is not an evidence of good generalship; the STAR barely pays now, and it cannot be published at a loss; it is, however, an absolute necessity for intelligent Saints, and every one should be encouraged to read it, young and old, rich and poor, and those must be very poor indeed who cannot afford one penny per week; if there are those in this condition, the brethren and sisters who are more blessed should see that none lack for a STAR to read; and in order that its circulation may be maintained, it would pay the Conferences to give to strangers a few numbers every week; in the work of the ministry and preaching of the Gospel, we have to exercise *some faith*, and it may be there are those who have not yet understood, that "*without faith it is impossible to please God.*" H. W. N.

TERRIBLE TIMES IN CONSTANTINOPLE.—A telegram from Pera, dated the 23rd inst., states that the distress in Constantinople is utterly appalling. Above 80,000 fugitives from different provinces, of all creeds and races in the Empire, have arrived within the last ten days, and continue to arrive by thousands a day. Many have neither food nor shelter, and are scantily clad, although the winter is unusually severe. Present means, official and voluntary, are utterly inadequate to cope with the distress. The mosques, schools, barracks, and caravansaries are crowded. The Sultan has given up several palaces, and many wealthy inhabitants have filled their houses with fugitives. Accounts from Bourgas, Aidos, Rodosto, and Tchozlou are most heartrending. At the latter station, where about 8,000 refugees—principally women and children—have collected, about 200 have perished during the last few days. During transit many women and children died, and were cast out of the trains into the snow. Those who arrive are scarcely better off. Instances have occurred of women having given birth to children in the streets and been frozen to death.

THE FEARFUL DISTRESS IN SOUTH WALES.

Every week the distress in the coal and iron districts of South Wales increases in magnitude and deepens in intensity, particularly in the neighborhood of the ironworks. At Cardiff the Workhouse is so overcrowded that the Guardians have ordered the Board room and the adjoining rooms used as offices to be converted into dormitories. Of the 500 collieries in Glamorganshire and Monmouthshire, only 20 are working full time. At Penarth the docks are almost deserted. Hundreds of men are said to be in a starving condition. Private gentlemen have opened their kitchens, from which soup is distributed to the poor every morning. The Windsor Trustees, who own the whole of the land in the neighborhood, have opened a stone-yard to give employment to the men who have hitherto been employed at the docks. At the Ocean Collieries, Treorky, employing nearly 1,000 men, the colliers worked only thirteen days last month. At the Abergorky Colliery, another large colliery in the Rhonda Valley, the men have only worked 17 days within the last six weeks. At Swansea the number of in-door paupers last week was 427: last year at the same period it was 264. At Mountain Ash, owing to the great distress, many colliers have gone to work at morning without food, leaving their families to beg for food during the day, and returned at night without anything to eat, and then only to receive the bread that the children had been able to procure by begging. Lady Aberdare has just opened a soup-kitchen, where soup is distributed every day. Men have been known to take their food-tins to work, empty, as they were ashamed to show their poverty. At Treforest, near Pontypridd, the inhabitants, nearly the whole of whom are colliers, complain bitterly of being unable to obtain the mere necessaries of life. At Pontypridd the office of the relieving officer is besieged for hours every evening by crowds of men, women, and children, many of the latter without shoes or stockings, the adults very scantily clothed and shivering with cold, the children crying for food. At the Pontre Rhondda many families have subsisted for days on potato peelings and wash intended for pigs. At Treherbert, destitution has become so great that a relief committee has been formed to meet it. The relief distributed is food, tickets been given by tradesmen of the town. Some colleries have not been worked for a long time. At Tonypandy, several of the colliers have been known to have nothing but raw cabbage leaves to eat while at work. At Merthyr, the distress is more intense, and covers a wider area than it did during the strike and lock-out of 1873. Of the three ironworks in the district, one only is at work, and of the twenty colliers none work more than three days a week. The rector has organised a soup kitchen, and arrangements are being made to give from 5,000 to 6,000 children daily one meal. Soup will also be given to the adults. At Aberdare there is also a great amount of destitution, whilst hundreds of the Merthyr poor come over the mountain begging. At Newport, owing to the depression of trade, great destitution exists among the men working at the docks, and as there is no immediate prospect of improvement many of the younger men are preparing to emigrate to Australia, where word is said to be brisk. Seventeen familes left for Australia, on Thursday. Other parts of the district are in a similar position, and apparently a period of destitution is being entered upon such as has never been seen in South Wales.

HOME CORRESPONDENCE.

Merthyr Tydfil, Jan. 1878.

Dear Brother,—After our Conference on the 23rd Dec., the brethren scattered throughout the country—Elders Walter J. Lewis and Thos. F. Howells going to the Monmouth district, where they have held eight very good meetings, and baptized two new

converts. One of their meetings was held in the house of a stranger. Elders Wm. N. Williams and Louis Howell wended their way over to the Rhondda Valley, holding good meetings on the way. At Treorky in that valley, on the 28th, they were tendered, free, the use of the assembly room, of the "Red Cow" Inn, holding less than a hundred persons, and brother Alfred Jones, the town bellman, "cried" the place well, notifying the people that two Elders from Salt Lake would lecture on "Mormonism." About 40 persons assembled, some few to create a disturbance, in which they partially succeeded, but the brethren delivered their message, and got through all right. A week or two before, the two brothers Howells' had but eight strangers in the same place.

I joined the brethren on Saturday, 29th ult., in the Ystrad, and brother Howell went down to Pontypridd and held three meetings on Sunday, and one on Monday evening. Brother Williams and I remained, and held two meetings in Treorky, on Sunday, one on Monday evening, and a good concert on Jan. 1st, at the house of one of the brethren.

On Wednesday evening we obtained the free use of the same hall, and our "crier" announced that three Elders from Salt Lake would discourse on the Gospel of Jesus Christ. This time we had the hall crowded. Myself, Elders Howell and Williams spoke freely and pointedly, delivering the message of the Gospel, showing what it was in the days of the Savior and Apostles, and declared its restoration by an angel from heaven to the Prophet Joseph Smith. Some few tried to make a disorder, but did not succeed.

On Thursday evening this room being otherwise engaged, we obtained the free use of a smaller hall in the "Cardiff Arms," and our faithful "crier" announced that Lectures would be given on the following subjects,—"Was Joseph Smith a Prophet of God?" "The Book of Mormon," and "Utah and the Mormons." The room was filled with good attentive listeners, excepting a few young striplings, who were silenced by strangers who had come there to hear for themselves, and did not want to be disturbed. I took the first subject, brother Howell the second, and brother Williams the last, each speaking at length with much freedom and power, for we had a good meeting, with which all seemed well pleased. Bore our testimonies faithfully and earnestly, knowing that they can pervert the true meaning of the Scriptures, but they cannot gainsay the true and faithful testimony of a living servant of God. At the close a vote of thanks was tendered to the proprietors for the free use of their halls.

The few Saints in the valley attended our meetings, which awaked both them and strangers; we baptized one after our second meeting. We have had promised the use of these halls whenever we want them for lecture purposes, and we have the prospect of getting halls in Treherbert, and in the Ystrad, both in this valley, at an early day, and we mean to follow up these openings and take advantage of every opportunity.

This is how we finished the old, and rang in the New Year.

Without boasting, I can safely say that the "Boys" in Wales are as busy as any in the British Mission. We are holding meetings nearly every night, if not in a new place, then in an outlying district of the larger Branches; visiting among the Saints in the day time. We have a Conference House, but are only there when obliged to be at the monthly Council; and we have been seriously thinking of discontinuing the house, as we can get along just as well without it. Our expenses are very light, doing most of our traveling on foot, and this is a very mountainous country too.

We are teaching the Saints the observance of the Word of Wisdom, with much success. The Saints are poor, but they are doing their best as a general thing. We expect to have a big emigration the coming season. Trade is very slack, and much distress prevails throughout the country.

In our preaching we lay before the people the simple principles of the Gospel, and leave others alone; it does not do to traduce or revile others, these are the weapons of the evil one, and we do not resort to them. We tell the people what the Gospel was